

# **THE ETERNAL POEM**

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# Save Nature

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## Preface

The way we look at the world transforms who we are. In writing *The Eternal Poem*, the poet is self-consciously striving to achieve a tranquility within themselves to arrive at the profundity of individual moments. Because of this, nature requires a greater development of personality than most poetic forms. True nature at least. In regard to my own achievements in this respect, I must admit that not every poem has been entirely successful but, I have had the good fortune to experience instances of seemingly absolute clarity as a result of practicing this venerable art. Of course I owe this not only to my own writing but also to reading the work of others, especially those written by the original environmentalist. If this book can provide anything remotely similar for another then it'll have fulfilled its purpose. And if there's one thing above all that I've learned from nature, it's that we gain most by increasing our own sense of appreciation.

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Sense of humor is everything. You can do anything in this world if you have a sense of humor.

Success consists  
of doing the  
common things of  
life uncommonly

Success consists  
of doing the  
common things of  
life uncommonly  
well

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## ***Floating***

Floating down with grace and ease  
Carried off by the Autumn breeze  
Rich in hues of orange and red  
Landing in the flower bed

What once was buzzing full of life  
Now succumbs to the pruning knife  
Staring up at the wilted rose  
Another season comes to close

Looking for memories of this day  
Not forgetting her fun filled stay  
Lying amongst the rocks and sticks  
I'm the one the little girl picks

Hurries home with the one she took  
Placing it in her poetry book





### ***Wet rocks***

These wet rocks where the tide has been,  
Barnacled white and weeded brown  
And slimed beneath to a beautiful green,

These wet rocks where the tide went down  
Will show again when the tide is high  
Faint and perilous, far from shore,

No place to dream, but a place to die,—  
The bottom of the sea once more.  
*There was a child that wandered through*

*A giant's empty house all day,—  
House full of wonderful things and new,  
But no fit place for a child to play.*

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***Frozen***

Out walking in the frozen swamp one grey day  
I paused and said, "I will turn back from here.  
No, I will go on farther—and we shall see."  
The hard snow held me, save where now and then

One foot went down. The view was all in lines  
Straight up and down of tall slim trees  
Too much alike to mark or name a place by  
So as to say for certain I was here

Or somewhere else: I was just far from home.  
A small bird flew before me. He was careful  
To put a tree between us when he lighted,  
And say no word to tell me who he was

Who was so foolish as to think what he thought.  
He thought that I was after him for a feather—  
The white one in his tail; like one who takes  
Everything said as personal to himself.

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One flight out sideways would have undeceived him.  
And then there was a pile of wood for which  
I forgot him and let his little fear  
Carry him off the way I might have gone,

Without so much as wishing him good-night.  
He went behind it to make his last stand.  
It was a cord of maple, cut and split  
And piled—and measured, four by four by eight.

And not another like it could I see.  
No runner tracks in this year's snow looped near it.  
And it was older sure than this year's cutting,  
Or even last year's or the year's before.

The wood was grey and the bark warping off it  
And the pile somewhat sunken. Clematis

Had wound strings round and round it like a bundle.  
What held it though on one side was a tree

Still growing, and on one a stake and prop,  
These latter about to fall. I thought that only  
Someone who lived in turning to fresh tasks  
Could so forget his handiwork on which

He spent himself, the labour of his axe,  
And leave it there far from a useful fireplace  
To warm the frozen swamp as best it could  
With the slow smokeless burning of decay.

## ***Peak***

Stretch above land, into their peak,  
It is the sky, they constantly seek.  
In the far distance, we notice their height,  
A view from the top - spectacular site!

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Closely positioned, to form a range,  
Human eyes, won't notice them change.  
Not a prisoner, to immediate time,  
Challenges many; unforgiving climb.

So much more, beyond their beauty,  
Sheltering species, that is their duty,  
Mountains are members, of the nature we know,  
Way at the top, they often have snow.

### ***Sunshine***

Look at the sunshine  
"What a beautiful day!"

Under the trees  
"We can run and play."

Yet we pollute nature.  
What will happen to it in the future?

By cutting down trees and animals  
How long is Mother Earth going to live?

Nature is getting older and older.  
Are we going to live any longer?

The bolder and bolder we get.  
The shorter and shorter the nature lives.

### ***Splendor***

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art—  
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night  
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
 Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priest like task  
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask  
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—

No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,  
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
 Awake forever in a sweet unrest,

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

### ***Shadow***

The dawn is gleeful  
 With the shadow of my beloved.  
 It cheers  
 With the tone of her voice.

The sun welcomes the morn,  
 With the painting of my beloved.  
 She flashes the light  
 To show her eternal beauty.

The sky is proud  
 With her reddish colour.  
 I'm so costly  
 Because of my divine sweetheart.

I've forgotten all the spheres of life  
 Except the morn.  
 I've forgotten all  
 Except my divine sweetheart.

The dreamy building  
 Is bathing in the rainy season.  
 Saplings quench their thirst,  
 While raindrops fill their hearts.  
 The young leaves bow down their heads,  
 When raindrops kiss their dry faces.



Is covered with dense cloud.  
The earth is so calm  
With her thirsty heart.  
Raindrops are falling  
To quench her thirst.

Everyone sings gleefully  
As the day is rainy.  
I also sing happily  
Because of my sweetheart.  
She quenches my thirst,  
Like raindrops quench her mother's thirsty heart.

The night cheers  
With the glittering light of the full moon.  
The entire sky is reddish  
Because of her sight.

All the people groan  
For their agony.  
Among them I'm the one  
Who suffer for deadly sweetheart.

Like the moon  
She gladdens my heart.  
I've enjoyed her loving soul  
With the emergence of the full moon.

She has left me  
Although she has presented me wonderful full moon.

Save Indulge

*One breezy spring day,  
as I sat by an open window,  
I began enjoying the rustling  
sounds of the trees.*

*These serene sounds,  
born by the wind,  
were enhanced as it inspired  
the birds to sing and created other sounds.*

*I found myself comparing these  
blended natural sounds to the  
same soothing effect of music.  
The wind seemed to be the conductor  
of this natural symphony,  
and like music,  
it has the power to stir  
the heart and mind.*

*The words for this poem came to  
mind on that breezy spring day.*

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Time has come now to realize that the energies of the Earth's own kingdoms are very precious! The plants own natural state of love, joy and pride, is the core essence of Life. This is the understanding we all need to free ourselves from limiting thought forms. The new consciousness contains a great love both for the planet and the nature. The new thinking will make us change our attitudes to plants and animals that continuously give us gifts. Many people on Earth have taken the nature for granted. It is here as an obvious part of life, it seems, and very few of us have really noticed how many gifts we are receiving from plants and animals. Every single particle in what we eat is conscious.

Everything we take into our bodies comes from nature! The development has now entered a new track. We will all soon feel the connection to nature in a new way and start giving thanks to the specific plants that we love to eat and use as a part of our life, for example cotton and linen. It is really a gift from the plants to us. As they consist of conscious particles, they receive the gratitude from us by the particles' mutual togetherness system. The Earth is an interesting planet for beings from many dimensions because it is very special... because we have water and we have the rich life in nature as a consequence of that. This is an enormous abundance, consisting of the light particles of our solar system. It is really time to appreciate that we live on the most precious planet in our galaxy. The journey through the suffering and separation is soon over.

The next years to come, we all will open our eyes for the true gifts of nature. It will lead us to new choices. When we chose to incarnate in physical body, one of our goals is to enjoy nature because this is the only planet where we can do it. When we one day move on, our love for nature and our ability to visualize what it looks like, make us able to create trees and flowers in our gardens in higher dimensions...) by our own thought power. We live on a planet where we originally have developed from simple beings, like Darwin discovered.

However, we have not developed because the strongest won like Darwin said. The human race is what it is because we were transformed from Neanderthals by creating masters that originally came from other civilizations in our galaxy thousands of years ago. Many bodies inside of each other, circles crossings each other

I got an AHA-experience when I was picking blueberries last summer. I had a break and sat looking down at the hard-working ants striving back and forth by and over my feet. I thought, they work almost like robots... They actually remind much of the ways humans behave... "Do they have free will?" I wondered. I once read that the ant queen decides where to put the new anthill.

Suddenly I understood! The queen's mind can be compared with the mind of a human being and all the working ants can be compared with the cells in her "body"! The anthill is their "universe" and they actually have a limited free will. That day, I also understood that that an anthill is a "cell" in a much bigger "being" that consist of all anthills of the same species! Our cells don't have free will, but they cooperate to be the "universe" that is our body! When I am healthy and the life force is flowing well, they agree and work in community with me so that we function normally, "all of us" (both my cells and I)!

Later, I understood that the human community is much like the anthill. We, the humans, have free will. We too, however, depend on the universal consciousness and the soul qualities, giving us direction in life. We are all programmed to find Oneness in our hearts to create community and peace. The same day I started to understand a lot more about how different nature is organized. I started to question the masters... and started to get contact with nature itself! I understood that a birch tree is like a "cell" in the big Birch Body" that is situated all over the Earth... That the spruce trees are cells in the "Spruce Being"...

When I was about to bring the Christmas tree into my house last year, I talked to it like I often do... And got a big lump in my heart! It was the "Spruce Spirit" that came to me and cried. It said that it was no point in speaking to its child because we had killed it... I asked of forgiveness and said that I wanted to decorate it and feel joy by its presence in my apartment... But I really got something to think about. Next year, you'll find a plastic tree in my living room! Oh, how little we have understood about respecting nature! During the next years, a completely new understanding, containing respect and humbleness of the nature and nature spirits, will grow forth.

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